WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD OF ART

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art feels triumphant over the Jesup bequest, as well it may, for the terms of the donation are admirably generous and it is hoped will serve as a model for many future benefactors. The pictures are left to the museum to be exhibited or to be sold for the benefit of the Jesup purchasing fund, and the pictures may be shown at the museum's discretion, distributed among the various schools, and not bound inflexibly together in a permanent gallery.

This is perfect, of course.

A portion of the seventy-one paintings that the museum has chosen to exhibit are now hung in the gallery of special exhibitions temporarily. The pictures, we may confess at once, are not of the kind wildly to excite us, but as we are full of a sense of the benefits to come from the Jesup bequest it is quite possible to regard the present display with affectionate indulgence.

Wafted by a wave of some such an emotion Mr. Burroughs, the curator of the museum's paintings, writes most kindly and considerately of them in the museum's *Bulletin*, and almost argues his rebellious readers into a belief in a possible renaissance for the "Hudson River School," which "scores heavily," as dramatic critics say, in the Jesup collection.

The pictures lauded are these: "Bayside," by David Johnson; "Lake George," by John W. Casilear; "The Beeches" and "Summer Afternoon," by Asher B. Durand; "The Mountain Ford," by Thomas Cole; "The Parthenon," by Frederic E. Church; "Old North Dutch Church," by E. L. Henry; "Kaaterskill Clove," by Sandford R. Gifford, and "Lake George," by John F. Kensett.

The largest and most imposing of these pictures is "The Parthenon," by F. E. Church, portraying the glow of a setting sun upon the most perfect work of man. Mr. Burroughs considers Church the strongest of the group in which he figured, "painting with remarkable skill the often impossible tasks that he set for himself; his superiority is attested particularly by the solidity he managed to impart to his foregrounds. Foregrounds were a stumbling block to his fellow painters. This criticism might be made of them as a group—that their desires and intentions were beyond their powers of performance."

We confess to having long shared the fondness which Mr. Burroughs avows for the work of Edward L. Henry, although speaking by the book he should not be properly classed as in the "Hudson River School."

Of Mr. Henry's "Old North Church," which, to their shame be it noted, not a single one of the art critics at the private view could locate, Mr. Burroughs writes:

"Edward L. Henry has been hitherto unrepresented in the museum collection, though for years his little pictures of American life of long ago have been a delight to the visitors at the National Academy exhibitions. They seem to have been done primarily with the idea of giving a correct representation of past customs in all details, and on account of their simplicity and perfect lack of affectation or ostentation they have a very real and permanent charm.

"These qualities are found in the little painting of Mrs. Jesup's collection. It gives a true likeness of all the details of architecture and street life as they were at the time of its painting. An architect could reconstruct the church from this picture and students will be able to find out just what was the form of old horse cars or the kind of omnibus used at the time. It is a modest and pleasing little picture."

Portrait of Mrs. W. N. Kremer, by Cecelia Beaux.
In the Brooklyn Museum invitation exhibition.

The French heroine of fiction when she is good is very, very good, and indeed the qualification extends to the French adult of both sexes, even in real life. When the French adults are good they are irreproachable.

This seriousness with which they are good when they are good has nothing in common with our hypocrisy, but it cuts them off from certain appreciations. It entirely disables them from comprehending the frivolity of the exploits in which young Britons, and particularly young Americans, engage. They don't misjudge young art students as limbs of Satan, for instance, as our hypocrites would, but they are too often compelled to shrug their shoulders and give up the joke as being incomprehensible.

The young French art students not being included among the "good" Frenchmen are as wild as the proverbial student from any other quarter of the globe, but they are not wild in the same way and they are more prone to forget the escapades of the quarter when they have grown up.

There is no book in French in which the joys of student life are sung to the same strains as those of "Trilby." Murger's "Vie de Bohème" is entirely different.

Whistler, to take the classic example, was always more of a mystery to the French than to the English. "Even Duret," recounts Charles Morice, "who began his article with the phrase 'M. James Whistler, né à Baltimore,' did not know until after the artist's death that he had been born not at Baltimore, but at Lowell.

"Nevertheless, it was from the painter himself that Duret had gained his information. At the time of the process against Ruskin Whistler gave still another birthplace, St. Petersburg. Duret, who is in love with exactitude, tormented gayly his illustrious friend to know the truth upon this point of biography, going so far once as to awaken him from sleep to ask him the point blank question, 'Where were you born?' but Whistler, bursting with laughter, still guarded the secret.

"For what reason? It was precisely the absence of reason in this 'blague' that amused the artist, and it did amuse him enormously. Americanly, Mark Twain said to the journalists who came to interview him asking him his age, 'I am 8 years old!'"

Consequently I was not surprised when Mlle. Germaine, whose beauty and grace are celebrated throughout the entire faubourg, was puzzled by the antics of Arthur Craven at his benefit lecture; antics which those who witnessed them are still discussing. Mlle. Germaine attended the conference with her fiance and her mother. The fiance, who belongs to the "good" type of Frenchman, was hopelessly bewildered by the affair, which I only recount to you as an instance of the sort of thing to which we shall have to accustom ourselves if we are to become the centre of the art life for the world, as some prophets, moralizing already upon the effects of the great war, insist we shall.

Craven got up the entertainment ostensibly to raise funds to defend himself in the lawsuit that Delaunay, the cubist, was fetching against him. You know all about the lawsuit already, I think, for the beautiful Mme. Delaunay, who wears cubistic gowns designed by her husband, had no sooner been felled to the floor of the cafe by the "blow"—the word blow is disputed, the Delaunays insisting upon that term, while Craven solemnly asserts that he put out his hand merely to push—than the cables were hot with the affair. I say "ostensibly" because the season had been a dull one, and no one was after knowing what to talk about. Possibly some one put him up to it, just to help things along.

In the first action brought by Delaunay, Craven, who is a heavyweight gentleman boxer of renown, a nephew of Oscar Wilde, a poet, and an art critic who prides himself upon his frank, direct methods—it was a bit of frank art criticism that started the initial row—acted as his own lawyer and lost his case. In the retrial—yes, they have retrials in France also—it was his intention to have a real lawyer.

The purpose of the benefit was avowed in handbills that were distributed about town. Arthur Craven, "le critique brutal," would "speak, box and dance."

A novelty was promised, a new boxing dance, "La Very Boxe," to be danced by Mr. Craven with the assistance of the sculptor MacAdams. "Negres," which are more of a treat that Whistler gave to would-be writers of his life. It appeared that the programme was to be distinguished not for spirituality but for the quality that we Americans call "bluff."

There was a young art student from Idaho, U. S. A., who did truly wonderful things with a rope, there was a pretence at boxing and a pretence at dancing—the young lady who danced slipped awkwardly at the climax of her effort and gave an explanatory scream to the audience to indicate that the faux pas had not been intended. But the chief "outrage to our intelligences," as Mlle. Germaine's fiance expressed it, was the lecture by the hero of the evening, Mr. Craven.

The poet and art critic actually appeared before us "in a state unbecoming to a——" I forget the exact phrase that was once applied to one of the most celebrated of American poets, but there could be no doubt that Mr. Craven in endeavoring to ward off the terrors of a public appearance had overdone the matter and had put the terrors frankly up to us.

He carried a pistol and fired a few blank cartridges at the floor and into the wings and then endeavored to read a long poem he had written. He seemed to be aware that he was not in a condition to be taken seriously, to loathe the condition he found himself in and at the same time to defy his public with it. He did not try to bring out the meaning of the verses and gave from time to time burlesqued gestures that were not amusing.

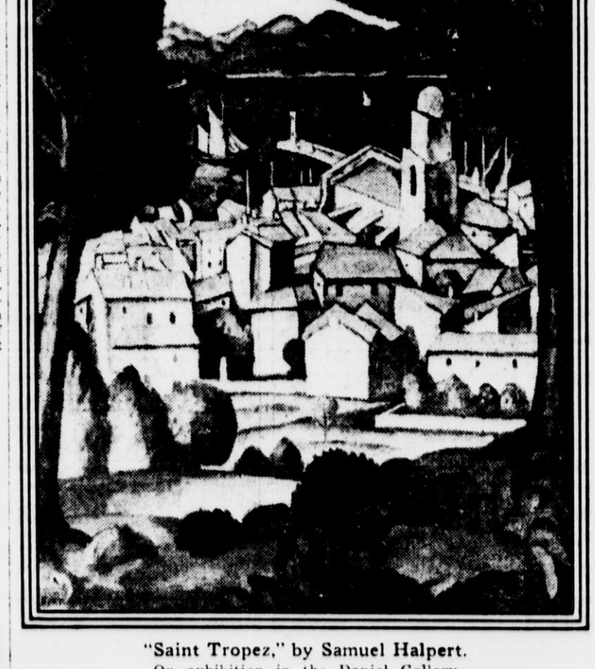
The matter of the poem, a gentleman who had seen the manuscript assured me, was not bad, but that of course could no; be judged by us. The author spoke with a French that was better than that used by most students, but yet not sufficiently articulated for the purposes of a lecture hall. The Frenchmen present who became more and more mystified as the reader proceeded cried "Louder," "Louder." The students present who seemed to be Craven's friends or enemies, it was no; easy to decide which, made remarks, and the poet answered back.

The affair was in fact a complete "blague," decidedly painful to those who are shocked by the "dark streak" that sometimes permeates poets; but all the young Britons and Americans insisted that the evening had been stunning, epatante.

Mlle. Germaine the next day appeared to be half willing to pardon the poet—Craven is a very good looking, high strung sort of a chap, you know—but the fiance drew her to himself protectingly and said, glaring at me, "We French, we are not not like," and Mlle. Germaine's mother said such performances were "ignoble."

Rushing to the defence of young geniuses in my usual fashion, I declared that young men of talent were like that the world over. I retailed the adventure that Rousseau tells of himself when as a young man pretending to know music in the effort to get a job he wrote an orchestral piece in hieroglyphics that he knew were futile and even went so far in his desperate cheek as a first rehearsal of the orchestra with frightful discords and a resulting quarrel with the musicians.

Mlle. Germaine's fiance heard me out politely, but remained unconvinced. He denied that this Rousseau that I spoke of could have been a Frenchman. Mlle. Germaine's fiance is not literary. But at this point madame intervened with a new topic, for we were lunching, and the conversation had in truth grown difficult.



"Saint Tropez," by Samuel Halpert.
On exhibition in the Daniel Gallery.

Louis XVI. marqueterie secretaire, made by Riesener for Marie Antoinette.
In the collection just purchased by Duveen Bros. from J. P. Morgan.

ART NEWS AND COMMENT.

SALOMON REINACH has notified the French Academy of the recent discovery in Cyrenaica of a statue of Alexander the Great, of colossal dimensions, which has already aroused much discussion. In his opinion, the work, a Dioscurus with head of Alexander the Great, appears to belong in the period of the Antonines. Its fine state of preservation and its extraordinary dimensions are its chief distinctions.

Le Matin publishes two pen and ink drawings by Rafael Dilkent, one of which is blotted with ink spots. He writes:

"I was just working on this sketch when a confounded shell hit the church, two steps away. In the jump I gave I upset the ink all over my sketch.

"At the moment the fields begin to be repeopled again. Here and there little groups are at work. It is the grandfather and his grandchildren working with spades. The young hurry and turn the earth over quickly but the old men stop often, resting upon the spades.

"The robust men are missing from the fields. There is a lack of horses, and oxen also, for the carts and ploughs. When the shells sizzle overhead the broken old men straighten up a little, turning their heads toward the distant crest that is invisible, but which they know very well, for their sons and sons-in-law are there. They shake their heads a long time before bending down again to their work."

The altar furniture for the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in St. John's Church, Newport, which has been on view for a few days in the small gallery of the Berlin Photographic Company, is a miracle of good taste. Durr Friedley, acting curator of decorative arts of the Metropolitan Museum, made the designs for the tabernacle, ciborium, candlesticks and other altar furniture, and was assisted by Paul Manship, the sculptor, and Helen Keeling Mills and Eleanor Deming, enamellers.

The metal work was carried out by Edward F. Caldwell & Co. and the embroideries by the Sisters of St. John the Baptist.

Every effort has been made apparently to dower the chapel with preciousness and at the same time avoid ostentation. The metal pieces of the altar are of gold, toned with color in the manner the moderns are now borrowing from the ancients, and to such a degree of harmony with the accessories that the observer thinks no longer of the costly metal but of the satisfying relationship of the colors.

The ciborium has several rare gems, including a fine diamond embedded in the gold that no one at the service but the celebrant of the mass will see, yet no anachronism is involved. A precious vessel cannot be too precious. Imbue the priest with the sacred feeling, so felt the ancients, and some of the awe must radiate through the ages.

The enameled panels inlaid into the tabernacle are in fine color and feeling, the crucifix by Mr. Manship, the little figures in kilt by Mr. Friedley and the embroideries all unite in an exceedingly well ordered and simple arrangement. For the purposes of the exhibition the gallery has been hung in tones of lilac, emphasizing the varying golds of the altar, for the candles are golden hued and the flowers that are in the golden vases are golden also.

Portrait of Director Blackstad, by Henrik Lund.
In the exhibition of the artist's work in the Bourgeois Gallery.

Mary Cassatt, whose works are exhibited in the Loan Collection now to be seen at Knoedler's Galleries, is as remarkable a personality in the history of American art as was the celebrated Sofonisba of Genoa in the days of Philip II. Like this famous lady, she went at an early age to Spain and although unlike her she was not received at court nor requested to paint portraits of the King and his beautiful Queen, she nevertheless found much to admire and more to learn. Ardent, indefatigable, keenly intelligent, with an independence of thought she was easily led to appreciate the painters of the later French school. Courbet, Manet and above all Degas excited her admiration.

Miss Cassatt immediately set to work to be a worthy rival of these great men. She acknowledges no sex in art and always refuses to lend to any exhibition made of women's work exclusively.

"After forty years," she says, "I am just beginning to know how to paint. If I could but commence now, how much I might accomplish."

Like Degas, Miss Cassatt has an immense capacity for work. Her hours are always from 8 o'clock until dark and she loves the long days best. She paints out of doors whenever it is possible. The wind must be fierce and the cold sharp indeed to drive her from her "big trees," whose boughs overhang the "piece d'eau," that stream whose reflections charm her, upon whose smooth surface she loves to place her models in a boat or to seat them near the water's edge.

When the shadows grow long Miss Cassatt takes her twilight walk with her faithful maid and the evening is spent in reading or thinking of her work.

"How many pictures can you paint in a year?" she was asked.

"Four or five I should consider a good year's work," she answered, and then referred to what real painters know so well—that it may take months to prepare for a picture and only a week or two to paint it.

"Look at Manet," Miss Cassatt added, "He worked a winter in Venice and was almost in despair over the canals. He started a picture the day before he intended to leave, waited over to finish it, and the 'Great Blue Venice,' as it is called, was the result."

Miss Cassatt worked all last winter for this exhibition. She did the "Mother" holding her child over her shoulder; the peasant with a white kerchief over her head and her baby in her arms, both pastels, and in oil the woman in a hat and her child.

Now the war has depressed her; she suffers with the suffering and writes that the Riviera is one vast hospital.

In the Loan Collection, now on exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries, Edgar Degas, the French painter, is represented in a series of pastels and oils from his earliest to his latest period, so complete that it is doubted if it could be duplicated even in Paris, where he lived and worked for over seventy years.

Degas's passionate devotion to the old masters, his great capacity for work, his ardent desire to attain his ideals, to say nothing of the demands upon his brain and memory as he doubled difficulty upon difficulty in the marvellous canvas we see upon the walls to-day, would leave exhausted the mental and physical energies of any ordinary man. This dynamic nature withstood the strain until a few years ago, when his eyesight began to fail. Then he became depressed, indifferent, and his only pleasure was to walk the streets of Paris alone.

When a friend greeted Degas a careless nod in return sufficed, or when asked how he felt the answer would be "Alex," uttered in sombre tones. Toodey he cares little about the great drama that is being enacted so very near him. He was in the artillery in 1870—a good soldier and with a Frenchman's love of country. Now when one speaks to him of the war he asks:

"And Alsace? Shall one have Alsace and Lorraine?"

The latter words Degas loved to say to those about him even in bereavement or his own heart, and he is desolate and sad. His friends and he always had many are still devoted and anxious, but he treads the boulevards day after day until weariness drives him home to rest.

Degas can no longer paint, and it is well he cannot, for he might ruin many of the canvases which still rest in the studio. He would care little if told of the admiration of this New World for his works. He is a genius and has paid the price he has seen great visions, those visions which are only seen by those who live, who feel and suffer.

Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer has consented to have her remarks on Edgar Degas and Mary Cassatt which she made at the Knoedler Galleries on the opening day of the present exhibition published in pamphlet form. During the remaining days of the exhibition they will be for sale at the Knoedler Galleries, 556 Fifth avenue, and at the Durand-Ruel Galleries, 12 East Fifty-seventh street.

The little pamphlet will help many to better understand the profound thought and marvellous technic of the great painter of ballet and of racehorses, with their jockeys. Besides giving some valuable hints on how to appreciate the old masters, it throws a new light on the art of Mary Cassatt, whose pictures cannot be excelled in their infinite variety of movement and in their expression of maternal love.

New York's conception of the principles that make for the home beautiful, whether for the millionaire or poor man, as expressed by practical art men of the leading decorative houses of the city, was put on exhibition on Monday at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

After a two weeks stay at the Metropolitan Museum the exhibit will be taken in charge by the American Federation of Arts at Washington and will be displayed in large cities throughout the United States. From New York the exhibit goes to Buffalo, thence to Washington, and from there on its tour of the country. After its stay here the work becomes the property of the American Federation.

The assembling committee for the exhibit was composed of William Sloane Coffin, Frank Alvah Parsons and William Macdougal Odell.

The exhibit is the result of several addresses on the principles of form and color harmony in home decoration given by Mr. Coffin in other cities. After the addresses the American Federation of Arts asked Mr. Coffin to prepare an exhibit demonstrating the principles of decorative art.

It is not the purpose of the exhibit to advocate any particular style of home decoration, but to lay down the fundamental principles of form and color harmony in home decoration and furnishing.

Charts and pictures are used to demonstrate what to do and what not to do, which colors will combine for beauty and which will not, the psychological significance of colors and their value, balance in color harmony